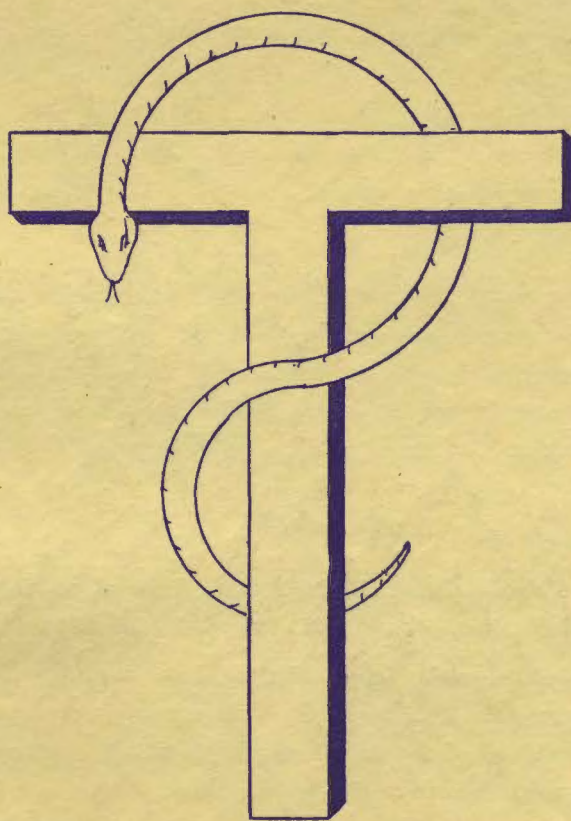


354

The All-Seeing Eye

Modern Problems in the Light of Ancient Wisdom



A Monthly Magazine

Written, Edited and
Compiled by

MANLY P. HALL

MARCH, 1924

Books by Manly P. Hall

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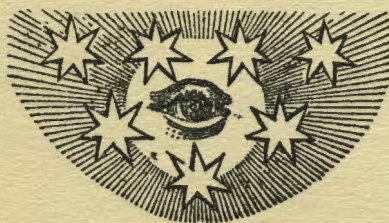
THE ALL-SEEING EYE

MODERN PROBLEMS IN THE LIGHT OF ANCIENT WISDOM

Vol. 2

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VANITY OF REGRET

Nothing in this world of ours
Flows as we would have it flow;
What avail, then, careful hours,
Thought and trouble, tears and woe?
Through the shrouded veil of earth,
Life's rich colors gleaming bright,
Though in truth of little worth,
Yet allure with meteor light.
Life is torture and suspense;
Thought is sorrow—drive it hence!
With no will of mine I came,
With no will depart the same.

All we see—above, around—
Is but built on fairy ground:
All we trust is empty shade
To deceive our reason made.
Tell me not of Paradise,
Or the beams of houris' eyes;
Who the truth of tales can tell,
Cunning priests invent so well?
He who leaves this mortal shore
Quits it to return no more.

In vast life's unbounded tide
They alone content may gain,
Who can good from ill divide,
Or in ignorance abide—
All between is restless pain.
Before thy prescience, power divine
What is this idle sense of mine?
What all the learning of the schools?
What sages, priests, and pedants?—Fools!

The world is thine, from thee it rose,
By thee it ebbs, by thee it flows.
Hence, worldly lore! By whom is wisdom
shown?
The Eternal knows, knows all, and *He* alone!

—Omar Khayyam.

EDITORIALS

The Economic Problem

THE problem of human equality is ever confronting us. The Master Jesus said, "The poor ye have with you always," and technically this is true. There will never be a time in nature when all things shall be equal. The only equality is when things are equal to themselves. Just as there is childhood, manhood, and old age,—birth, growth and decay—so there are three stages in the progression of consciousness through matter, there are three grand divisions of organic quality in bodies. Two things are necessary for expression in matter and all expression is limited by these two things. First, organic quality; and second, size. Size is the measurement of power, all things being equal; size without high organic quality produces the brute and organic quality without size produces those sensitive individuals who seldom live to great age because the fine grained quality cannot be supported by a small, undeveloped body. As long as there is difference in organic quality and size there cannot be equality in mental or social position because man's expression in this world is the direct result of the power which consciousness is exerting over matter. Where the organic quality is low, consciousness is low and the brain is incapable of fine discriminating thought. Such persons must follow instead of lead for the very structure of their organism inhibits intelligent leadership. When such individuals do rise to power we have the Marat, the Robespierre, the Napoleon, or the radical who is incapable of reflective thought himself and refuses to credit reflective thought in others.

Man has an impossible golden dream which he has fostered for a long time and that is that he is going to tear down the so-called caste system and that the man with the pick and shovel is going to sit in meditation with the sage while the brick layer is going to recline in the carven chairs of arrogance. This

is a mistaken idea. The desire of the true ethical and social reformer does not rest upon these conditions at all. His cry is for *opportunity*, for the true philosopher realizes that opportunity is the divine birthright of all living creatures, and he also knows that the modern economic situation does not give every man an honest opportunity. The average reformer, however, becomes bolshevistic. He is not satisfied with an opportunity but demands affluence as his birthright, and the average soap-box orator along these lines would be more arrogant and despotic than those he condemns if the goddess of finance ever smiled upon him. The sweat-shops, child labor, and similar institutions, are depriving man of his birthright and as such should go, and with them depart the greatest curse of modern civilization; but the abolishment of these things will not equalize human intelligence. The thing it will do is give man an opportunity to unfold himself according to what he is, but he is always limited in two ways. First, by surrounding environments; secondly, by organic quality.

Man's greatest hinderance is not a heartless world but a useless body. Useful bodies are not built in days or years but in ages and lives. Organic quality cannot be improved by politics; it can only be improved by man as an individual when he makes the most of every opportunity to improve himself mentally, spiritually, and physically while he lives. There is a caste system in nature. In the universe there is the upper and the lower set, divided from each other by the ideals and works of life and by the conscientious effort of each individual.

Man must learn to be contented to live in accordance with what he is and yet at the same time be ambitious to improve his lot. The hope of the universe is not in ranting and raving for equal rights but in the burning of the midnight oil. When we see the laborer

come from his labors, tired, surrounded by the crying needs of family and friend, but who sits alone under the light, studying to improve himself, working with tired, chapped fingers roughened with toil to become a man among men, to learn the things which divide ignorance from wisdom—such a one is the hope of salvation, such a one will become in the due course of nature's time a spiritual aristocrat and, naturally, there will come to him his birthright of being a thinker, a doer, and a superior. Then we see his companion in labor, one who does not take the sombre course of study and thought but throws bricks at the houses of aristocrats, hating them because their skins are white while his are tanned, their voices soft while his is harsh. He curses and spits at them, suffering in his hate—such a one will never be the thing he longs to be cause the difference lies in quality and not in the strength of the bull or the beast within.

If you entered two horses in a race, the one a dray such as is used to pull milk wagons and the other a fine Arabian stallion, which would win the race? Just so, it is the same in the race for success. The dray horse is hampered by its own weight; and while it may dash forward madly with all the strength that is in it, it simply cannot race. No matter whether it is dragging a milk wagon or is a pedigreed horse, it is that type and there is no hope for it. But the Arabian stallion, without an effort outdistances it with ease and grace and leaves it far behind.

Man believes that with the power of his hand he can rule the world. He cannot. All he can do is tear civilization up by the roots and leave it for another thinker to repair. We will not deny that the poor have cause for dissension just as they had during the French revolution for the mere fact that a man has a fine, executive brain does not prove that he is a humanitarian, a philanthropist, or an honest man, nor does organic quality necessarily indicate virtue. But one thing it always does give and that is power. It may be that an assassin's bullets will slay a few but in the end the power of mentality wins over the battle of brawn and the only hope for those who are trampled on is to reach mental efficiency by

means of which they can intelligently combat conditions.

When we look carefully into the problem of economics we strike one phase that is well worth our consideration. Those individuals who now spend their time trampling on the poor were in nearly every case poorly born themselves. They did not come from homes of wealth and many of them never went to school. Some of our greatest millionaires today were newsboys without a chance, others shined shoes and started in with a hundred percent less than the average failure starts with. The heel of the capitalism of their day was upon their throats and yet with the sheer force of mental power, indomitable will, and perfect faith in themselves, they rose out of the mud and became masters of world affairs. Now, those left behind shake their fists at them, while the energy they use in railing would lift them also from the rut if it were exerted as their opponents exerted it.

Man must learn to capitalize upon himself; his brain, his heart, and his hand are the most valuable assets he possesses. Incessant effort should be made to increase the efficiency of these assets for in that alone lies liberation from the rut. When to this is added the realization of limitation, and the gradual unfolding of powers as the means of liberation from this limitation, we have the man or woman who is going to be a success.

The caste system of the world is as follows:

1. The lowest phase is opposition, materialism, and the battling of beast instincts. In this world they are the ones chained by ages of thoughtlessness, or recent differentiation from lower races, to the lower physical side of life. Those who dwell in it are chained by like and dislike, by passions and appetites; they deify matter and know no god or consciousness outside of it; they settle their disputes with bullets and sandbags or with fist encounters; they are an ever muttering horde and in the last analysis are absolutely powerless. Their only weapon is firebrand or dagger and these things have no force outside of physical substance, and as true consciousness is independent of substance the most they can do is destroy their own world. The mere idea that such individuals could rule the universe is

beyond reason or logic. They cannot do it for there is not within their own beings enough self control to rule themselves. There is no law or logic in them, and as the universe is ruled by law and logic only those who have developed it are capable of governing. They cry out in their agony that they are imposed upon—and they are, for man has not yet gained that consciousness which enables him to be superior without becoming domineering. The reason, however, why they are imposed upon is not necessarily because their opponents are strong but because they themselves are weak.

The idea that this problem can be solved without intellectual growth on the part of this great mass is absurd. Their overlords realize that in this ignorance lies the power which they have over them, therefore it seems that every day the higher oppress the lower more severely to prevent them from attaining light. But this oppression should only stimulate those oppressed to greater and more intelligent effort.

The world must have those who work with their hands but these will always have to serve the man who works with his head, while both must bow together before the one who is expressing the qualities of his spirit.

2. The second stage is intellectualism and it spends most of its time preying upon materialism. These are the minds that juggle the finance of the world, that lead, govern, and direct the mass, and regardless of what they may like or dislike those who would lead or govern must join this second class. The great curse of intellectualism is oppression for there are very few capable of realizing their power over others with attempting to exert it. This is the main cause of the sorrow of the masses. In other words, man's inhumanity to man. The intellectual individual should appoint himself as guardian and protector of those incapable of functioning on that plane, but instead of so doing he now harnesses them to his chariot and loads their backs with burdens. The only remedy for this is to awaken in him the realization of his responsibilities.

3. The third division is that of the spiritual man which is the principle of altruism and selflessness. There are but few who have

consciously attained this degree. They are the great reformers, the great occultists and thinkers of our world who have realized the oneness of things and have come to an understanding of the fact that while all cannot attain in one life the acme of their ideals, still man should not impose upon the weak but rather should champion them and assist them to a fuller and more adequate position.

We have an idea that we are living in civilized times but this idea is eternally being shattered by every evident example of barbarism. Voltaire said, "I know I am among men because they are fighting; I know they are civilized because they fight so savagely." Our so called evolved and developed peoples are at each other's throats; our great inventors spend all their time learning how to kill; and competition has been crowned the life of trade. This is purely because man has accepted the science of economics as the worthwhile thing in life. It is undoubtedly the world's most foolish decision.

Man must not deify this problem as he does because in nature it holds the least important place. Neither must we reject the economic problem. It is to be neither accepted nor rejected and under no conditions assumed. It is merely here as an examination or test of the consciousness of man; in other words, it exists only to be solved. The wonderful Hindoo race as a nation has never accepted the economic problem as worthy of consideration and of course they did not have to in the time of their glory for economics have always been a secondary consideration in the Orient. The modern problem did not confront the ancient races and yet they were far better able to meet it than we are. The Masters did not live in the day when caste was king. They needed only to seat themselves upon the ground and their people gathered around them; when they wanted a house they built it where they chose and lived in it, while if they were tired of the bustle of the world they entered a cave in the hills. If they possessed no sandals, it was perfectly fashionable to go barefoot and they never met the great inconveniences of modern congestion. As a result of their freedom we find primitive brotherhood, many examples of which are far more beautiful than

the products of our modern ethics.

The Masonic school symbolizes the stages of unfoldment as the three ages of man—youth, maturity, and old age. The ages of the soul are the same. There are in the world today young souls in old bodies and old souls in young bodies. Youth goes out to conquer the world, manhood is content to have sufficient for his needs, while old age renounces the world as an illusion. We may call youth the material man, adulthood the intellectual man, old age the spiritual man. Applying the economic problem we may say: to the material man it is all, to the intellectual man it is a problem, to the spiritual man it is an illusion.

To the ancients the economic problem was a phase, to the modern mind with its greed and ambition it is an all-absorbing reality. The young soul starts out on its journey in matter as an egotist and the keynote of its consciousness is to acquire; regardless of cost it must own, master, and break all other things. This is the key to the economic problem which in the average mind becomes merely a series of processes for acquirement. The old soul has no economic problem for it has ceased to desire to acquire, for eyes growing dim to material things have begun to see the reality hidden behind the veil. The old soul realizes that we are here to master problems as they are presented by nature, and are never to dally with them but to go straight through to a successful conclusion.

There are over a thousand solutions to the modern economic problem but when applied they are all at best only partial solutions and the great key problem remains unsolved. Many of us would like to wander with Plato and Aristotle over the mountains of eternity but we are forcibly drawn back again into the world by the economic needs; we are forced to leave our philosophy and go back into the world, both as teachers and pupils to earn the money for our daily bread. India solved the problem of education in the face of economic difficulties by dividing the life of man into three epochs. The first twenty-five years he was supported by his parents and usually graduated from one of the many universities which, in the days of India's glory,

made it the most highly educated country in the world. During his youth, provision was made for his life, he was prepared to think for himself in a rational and sensible way; then came the second twenty-five years during which he married and brought up his children, bringing them to a position where they could take care of themselves, and saving up sufficient to provide for his own old age and those dependent on him; then during the third part of his life he retired from the bustle of the commercial world and devoted his entire time to study and philosophy and the solution of life's problems, supported either by that which he had saved or the assistance of his children.

The entire economic problem of the physical universe is an expression of matter and the solution to it can be found in human anatomy where three worlds of consciousness express themselves in the mental, emotional, and physical centers of the body. A civilization based on the lower man would express all the qualities of the animal instincts. For example: a carving from Mexico linking this country with ancient Egypt, accompanied by a marvellous description from the pen of a famous geologist, was presented to a newspaper for publication. It was thrown into the waste-basket while ten columns were given to a murder because the human animal reads only that in which he is interested and while man is so attuned he is interested only in the loves, joys, hates and fears of animal consciousness. The same is true on each one of the three planes. We see all things with the eyes built of the organic quality of our vehicles.

In man's anatomy there are four elements—earth, water, fire and air—carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen and oxygen—mediums through which the universe manifests concretely. In the economic problem there are four elements—land, transportation, exchange and integrity which are the basis of economics. Land corresponds to the physical body of man or the principle of earth and is the skeleton of economics; the second or water element corresponds to the etheric body of man and in economics is the problem of transportation which consists of the drawing of raw mater-

ials to advantageous markets; the third element of fire or medium of exchange is the astral body, with the heart in its center, and the Christ, the sun principle, is its lord, ruling through the metal gold which is at the present time the medium of exchange. The fourth element is air, the mental quality, and in the economic problem the integrity of the buyer and seller. These four constitute the body of the economic problem. Man tries to solve the problem of this body by placing one part over the other as master, while the intelligent, spiritualized individual realizes that all of these are vehicles for the expression of something else.

There will be no end to the economic difficulties until the quality of the soul rises out of the four elements of body and transmutes the present masters into the servants that they should be. There is no cure-all to apply to any world problem; these great tests of the intelligence of man must be met individually

and mastered individually.

Power remains in the hands of those who are able to wield it, whether for good or ill, and the surest way to equalize power is for each human being to prove worthy of that power. When all men have earned the right to think they can think, but there is no glory in attacking the thinker of today save in one way—the thoughts of the modern thinker are selfish, egotistic, and enslaving. Let the new thinkers, born out of the darkness of their present sorrow, turn not around and oppress the oppressor, which is the temperament of the best, but let them show the superiority which they have gained by being charitable where others were not, by being noble where others were not, by being true where others were false, and in this way fulfill the dictates of true civilization. This universal understanding, based upon the realization of universal need, is the only permanent answer to any great problem.

Our Demi-Gods

FOR some apparently unknown reason this year's crop of Initiates is an exceptionally large one, but with the increase of supply there is a tremendous decrease in market valuation and really at this time the supply of Initiates greatly exceeds the demand. It must be a grand and glorious feeling to be an Initiate, so far, far above the rest of humanity that only occasionally the world is seen through a rift in the clouds; but we fear it must be rather chilly and lonely up there and the rarified atmosphere must be trying upon the lungs of our enlightened. It may be this mental or spiritual strain that is responsible for some of the peculiar things they do.

There are at the present time a number of high priests of sundry and varied shrines, cults, isms, oxys, etc., who bestow upon you various initiations for various considerations.

Let me introduce to you the fruitage of one of these marvellous processes—the Right Honorable Ciomedes Sourdough, C. O. D., F. O. B., S. O. S., R. F. D., P. O., R. S. V. P., I. O. U., B. V. D. This individual is an Initiate of the first water, exceptionally brilliant, a

member of everything, and a leading authority on a large variety of subjects. He spends quite a percentage of his time preparing for his degrees and the rest of the time getting over them. He admits that he is an Initiate and can show you check book stubs to prove it. He bestows initiation himself by the laying on of hands and exhorting the most terribly binding oath to the Lords know what. From all over the surface of the earth people come to gain wisdom at his feet. Mr. Dubb came from Arkansas, Mr. and Mrs. Simp from Rhode Island, Betty Boob from North Dakota, and Willie Itt from Utah. All of these entered into the occult path under the guidance and guardianship of our much alphabetized friend Prof. Sourdough. Professor writes books, meets with an inner circle and is perfectly willing to be admired. But really, this person has read a few good books and is capable of delivering a rational lecture on several subjects, but when a careful analysis is made of him and the acid test applied, he turns green. He would have been a very successful teacher and a great help to

humanity if two things had not occurred. First, some one told him he was an Initiate, and secondly, he believed it.

There are several of our leading occult schools that have installed spiritual mimeographs in order to keep up with the ever advancing and unfolding efficiency system, a sort of an occult sausage machine into one end of which are poured perfectly respectable citizens and out the other end of which comes a never ending stream of over stuffed sausages. A trip to Europe or some distant country is almost certain to result in an initiation, especially if you go to the right parties, and within the last few years thousands of promising students have been turned into self-conceited puppies by a set process of initiation. Briefly, it is as follows.

An individual who does not know tells another individual what he does not care anything about, then amputates one extremity from the bank roll; and this constitutes the essence of the ceremony.

Initiate number one is a dope fiend, an inveterate smoker, and one of his best pictures shows him tenderly embracing one of the vestal virgins of his temple. Number two has been tied up in so many scandalous enterprises that it is absolutely impossible to list them separately, but suspect him of anything you want to and you are sure to hit it. Initiate number three carries a side line in oil stock. Initiate number four is wanted for bigamy in three states. Initiate number five is wanted on sundry strange charges; while Initiate number six will have to explain several things to the government which does not care much for him nowadays. Go right straight down the calendar of the Ten Commandments and we can produce, with very little research work, an initiate who is morally if not physically breaking each one of them. And oh the advice with which they delight the heart of the seeker; and oh the esoteric instructions which they launch upon an unsuspecting world!

Let us cite some examples of it. In the esoteric instructions to pupils written by one of these deluded individuals we find the following suggestion as a very excellent means of developing clairvoyance (which, by the

way, is not a legitimate spiritual aim but is only legitimate as the result of the living of a pure life). But this individual gives the following process for the attainment of this supernatural vision, the unfoldment of soul qualities, and so forth: Take a mirror and hang on your wall so that when you are sitting down the center of the mirror is on a level with your eyes. You are to put a lighted candle on each side of the mirror and then gaze into it until something happens.

This is an exceptionally choice piece. What would the shades of the immortals have to say about it? If you look into this mirror long enough you *will* see things. One student tried it, became hypnotized by his own eyes, could not look away from the mirror, and finally, frothing at the mouth, fell in convulsions. This is purely the result of the blind leading the blind, but people have done it and are doing it. They sit down every night and gaze in a piece of glass because the person who outlined the instruction claimed to be the one and only true Initiate, the Lord High Mogul of this, that and the other thing, and the Lord Emir Most Everything.

Leaving this one to gaze in his magic mirror, we pass on to the next one. Henry Brown was a promising boy, and a marvellous student of things supernatural; his lectures were clean-cut and interesting, his work was filled with promise and there was no reason to doubt that one of these days in the normal tenor of things he would become at least an Initiate of the lower orders. But this person was talked out of his straight and narrow way by one of those near-Initiates who received him into some deep and mysterious order which he "swallowed whole." He now returns to the field of his labors absolutely useless, honestly believing that he is an Initiate. All that we have now of our once promising possibility is a narrow-minded, highbrow fop who looks down with benign condescension upon the world at large.

And so it goes wherever we look. Every little while someone comes up to us and points out some long-eared bewhiskered individual, whispering confidentially in our ear, "Sh-h-h! he is an Initiate!" When we mildly ask who

told them so they usually answer, "Oh, he admits it." Of all the occult teachers who have come to the world in late years there are two who admitted before the world that they were just students, hoping with their own pupils that some day they would attain to the divine light. It would not be well to name them here but they were great because they claimed nothing for themselves and only worked silently, quietly, and simply for the good of the cause.

All over the face of the earth strange individuals are being attacked with illusions, delusions and confusions. The reincarnation of the Holy Ghost is now loose while there are hundreds preaching the one and only Truth—all different. Each one is being sponsored by a Master, and each one starts in by making a liar out of all the rest. And so it goes. We are producing in occultism a generation of delirious demi-gods who will never be of any real good to anybody until they get down off their high horses and come back to earth where they are chained by every possible tie.

If students could only learn to realize that to be a good student is as worthy as to be an Initiate and that when they live honestly with themselves they are far closer to the light than when they put on long robes, chant mantrams, and act like a lot of ten-year-old children on Hallowe'en! They are disgracing the very thing which they should be defending as above human comparison. The greatest insult that the average man can heap upon occult science is to claim to understand it, and least of all to represent it. When Mr. Gottenberg claims to be an Initiate, while his relatives and friends know positively that he has not taken a bath in five years, that he chews tobacco, is seldom sober, and is eternally mixed up in domestic problems, and several similar things, he is not glorifying himself by his claims but is simply making a joke out of the thing he claims to be and is literally if not intentionally advertising the fact to the world that intemperance is the path to mastery and that being a sot is necessary to immortality. The whole thing is a joke but it is a very crude one, a blasphemous one, and the average self-ordained Initiate is a living lie, both to himself and the great doctrines which he claims to represent. Those who claim noth-

ing do not have to live up to anything in order to be true to their claims, but when they stand before the world as examples of finished products, what happens to our scintillating, Royal Dresden Initiate? Their faults show all the more because they claim to be without them and they are all the more ridiculous because of their scantimonious hypocrisy.

It is only one person's opinion of course, but we admit freely we do not have much use for them. When we see our leading Initiates concentrating upon nice juicy beefsteaks or surrounded by cigaret stubs we are convinced of one of two things—either that occultism is a joke or else they are. We prefer to think it is the latter. We do not say, necessarily, that they should live any better—that is their problem. But this we do say: if they do not intend to live any better, they have no right to claim to be that which they obviously are not and in this way bring reflection against a noble cause.

We are very fond of retiring Initiates who obliterate their presence in bashful reticence, but when they come out with brass bands and a torchlight parade we are inclined to be a little skeptical. When the world applauds them we are quite confident that they are no good but when they applaud themselves we gird up our garments and depart for such is not done in the better regulated circles. There may be one or two Initiates out of the thousands who claim to be, but we doubt even that percentage. The real Initiates will always be found to be men and women without claims, and we have no knowledge of the fact that they ever bestowed a degree upon anyone.

The average worker in occult lines is only expressing an opinion and he does not know whether that opinion is so or not. It is his privilege to express that opinion but it is not his privilege to use the name of the Initiates for the furtherance of said opinion. Such action is forgery.

The Masters do not retaliate to these insults; they remain silent and unknown, in this way proving their mastery, while the pseudo-Initiates spend all their time accepting glory. The true Teachers are willing that they should receive it, but must smile to themselves when they see the self-conceited egotists accepting the laurels of another man's work.

Brothers of the Shining Robe

(Continued)

CHAPTER NINE.

Dreams.

FOR many days I lay helpless in my bed, recovering from the cuts and bruises I had received in the unaccountable accident. This enforced rest proved to be of untold value for it had been many months since I had completely relaxed. The strain and stress of my ever growing work had been more of a pressue than I had realized, for my struggle to advance and show the way to others and at the same time resist those at my back who would hold me behind had been a fight both ways. So in my weakened physical state I had many hours in which to reflect upon the past months that had whirled by so quickly and to also ponder some upon the future.

After a day or two of the most considerate and solicitous nursing, I was restored enough to take more notice of my surroundings and wonder to whom I owed such generous treatment. So far I had only been dreamily conscious of the presence of someone busily performing their duties and had only seen passing back and forth before my eyes the motherly figure of the old Welsh woman but as soon as I was able to formulate my thoughts and collect my words enough to make myself heard, I began asking questions of my companion. Not that I felt at all worried or anxious, for I was too comfortably at rest, but with the half indifference of semi-consciousness I just lazily questioned her.

She proved to be rather noncommittal but I soon gathered that I was on the estate of Lady Patricia March, a young noblewoman who lived alone in this small country manor-house with the old Welsh woman as her only companion. When I asked what physician had attended me the reply was still rather unsatisfactory, but by piecemeal I gathered that there had not been one and that Lady Patricia was herself quite proficient in the art of healing.

During this rather enforced communication the door opened softly and a young woman entered the room. I stared wonderingly at

her pale, fair face and guessed that she was Patricia, the name so suited one so noble looking.

"How is the patient, Mariah?" she asked the nurse, ignoring my questioning look, and she was gentle-voiced.

From the moment she had entered the door a calm, soothing restfulness seemed to pervade the room and at the sound of her low-toned voice I had a sudden desire to sleep. Slowly a peaceful drowsiness crept over me and I dropped into a deep, healing slumber.

And this was the beginning of a series of wonderful dreams. Each time I awakened from one of these calm, restful sleeps I could remember a beautiful dream, a dream that seemed to be a wonderful object lesson played out in picture-like detail for my observation. It was as though I took no part in them and yet the central figure in each, who passed through so many adventures, seemed to be my own soul.

* * * *

As my eyes closed sleepily, a thin path stretched out like a ribbon, winding through valleys and over hills, around great masses of broken rock, and through dark forests where singing birds fluttered across the gloomy arches. This road wound through the veil of form and onward and upward to an end that no man knows, for none who have walked that silver thread have come back to tell of the mysteries that lie over the edge of the hills of eternity.

Along this path a pilgrim wound his way, leaning upon a palmer's staff. Ever now and again he would shade his eyes with his hands, searching for the end of that twisting, winding path. For many years he had walked that road and seen its forks where others joined it, tiny paths, mere footways seldom walked, were they. But the pilgrim knew that all these narrow ways led to the Mighty Road for which he was searching, the one that had no name or parting and wound onward into the very sky itself.

On and on the pilgrim went, stopping now and again at some wayside shrine where he

knelt in prayer. Over the top of mighty mountains, through the depths of valleys bordered by towering cliffs and broken crags, the pilgrim journeyed, and at last one afternoon as the sun was sinking, a ball of flaming light amid the fleecy clouds of the west, he reached the foot of a lofty cliff. Here he saw a fine, white path winding along its mighty sides to the very top. He stopped and gazed in awe, then fell upon his knees, for instead of ending on the mountain top the winding road kept right on—up, up, into the heavens it twisted and wound like a mighty spiral thread. The pilgrim fancied that it passed from star to star until finally lost in the infinitude of eternity.

Eagerly he pressed onward, longing to travel that mystic way leading upward to the heavens. Slowly the shadows grew around him as he entered another grove of sacred trees. A chill weighed upon the wanderer's heart; those mighty ones of the forest that rose above him seemed like great ghosts or priests of old standing in silent adoration, reaching their branches heavenward in silent prayer. As he listened, the swaying of the wind among their leafy crests seemed like the chant of a mystic choir and a great stillness entered his being. Moving on, scarce breathing, he finally reached a mighty arch of white stone which barred his way. The road passed under the arch with its gates of iron and seemed to end in a wondrous white chapel that nestled like some jewel of snowy crystal amidst the dark carbon of the forest.

As the pilgrim stopped before this gate, wondering how he could go on, a low creaking sound was heard and the massive portal swung open as though moved by unseen hands and a great inspiration drew him onward, leading him through, and up the marble steps that led to the mystic chapel. The door of this swung open also, and in awe and reverence the pilgrim entered and stared around.

He stood in a circular chamber, all finished in pure white marble; the floor of inlaid stones and mosaic seemed like trodden snow, and from it rose pillars of pure Carrara which upheld the mighty dome. Before him rose a shrine and under the shrine a little doorway scarce higher than his waist and through this open portal the palmer saw the

path continuing.

"What place is this?" he thought as he gazed upon the shrine whose soft white curtains were closed, concealing he knew not what. As if in answer, a voice replied:

"This is the Shrine of the Bleeding Heart."

The pilgrim turned and behind him stood an old man, his white hair encircled by a band of shining gold and his grey beard falling upon the robe he wore. His garment hung from the shoulders and was of the same colorless white as the temple around him.

"What mean you, master?" asked the pilgrim, bowing humbly at the feet of the aged man.

"This" answered the Shining One, "is the Place of Tribulation. Many there are who walk the way of silver light that you have come, but few have passed beyond this point. Before you the winding path which marks the way of immortal life goes upward to the feet of the divine, but he who would walk it must find the key that is hidden in this chapel. See the door that is open before you—how small it is and how low? Like the eye of the needle is this pathway and none may pass save those who bow. You now stand at the doorway of immortality for those who pass this portal go on into the infinite and are of earth no more. Come let me show you the shrine."

The aged man led the mortal one across the room and as they came near the silken curtains parted and a great ray of glorious light blinded the seeker. As he grew accustomed to the brilliance and dared to gaze into the mystic recess he saw, quivering and pulsating in the sacred niche, a living heart from which poured streamers of golden light.

"Master, what is that?" asked the pilgrim in awe.

"That, my son, is the Bleeding Heart, the Guardian of the Sacred Doorway. None shall pass this point save they be anointed of the drops of blood that pour from this mystic shrine. You cannot approach the door for the light will blind you. So this guardian stands; and to you, oh man of earth, if left the riddle—how to pass this mystic shrine."

The pilgrim sought to press forward but

the light drove him back and the great glowing, pulsating Heart seemed to grow greater as he sought to near the Infinite.

"Master, I cannot pass! Where shall I find the key to this mystery?"

The old one shook his head.

"That is for you to know and not mine to disclose," he answered kindly.

As the wanderer stood, his head bowed in sorrow that his path should end thus, a strange dizziness came over him and the room swayed and rocked, things grew dim about him, and the old man's face seemed to swim in a sea of light. Slowly shadows fell, the white temple faded away, the mountain with the path into the stars dissolved, and the pilgrim found himself standing upon the same endless road that stretched for miles before him and was lost in the shadows behind.

"What way shall I go now to reach the Light?" he murmured gazing around in sorrow.

From somewhere a voice seemed to whisper: "Go on, go on." And slowly he began again that endless wandering to the very furthestmost part of creation, praying that he might again find the point where the road passed into the stars. His torn, bleeding feet leaving their tracks of blood upon the path, the pilgrim wandered on, and at last fell for a moment's rest beside another wayside shrine.

"Is there no end to these wanderings?" he mutely asked, gazing up at the Crucified One hung in the little alcove. From the Dying Figure came the echo to his question: "Is there no end?"

"For years I have walked the way faithfully and truly; each turn of this road whispers that the end is near but when I reach the bend it stretches out as endless as before. Everywhere I have sought my God and His light, everywhere I find a promise that fades as I approach. Many a night I have seen a wondrous city shine out from the skies on the top of some distant mountain but when I climb its lofty sides and fall exhausted the vision fades away only to be built again upon some other distant peak. Alone, with none to give a word of cheer, with none to understand—oh God! must it be forever?" Again the Fig-

ure upon the cross echoed back his words: "Alone with none to give a word of cheer, with none to understand, oh God! must it be forever?"

As the pilgrim knelt there, his heart broken and bleeding, a tottering form slowly approached the shrine and, falling, stretched weak hands towards the crucifix that it contained. He was an old man and his raiment was torn and tattered, his face deeply lined with sorrow turned in despair to the cross, and slowly dragging himself along he reached the foot of the tiny shrine..

"This is the end," he murmured. "It seems ages that I have sought, but I can go on no more. And here, brother, when I am gone, lay me to rest—here beneath the crucifix."

The young one turned and a feeling no mortal man can express filled his soul as he gazed at the dying form.

"No, no, my brother!" he cried, "have courage! I too have wandered long and suffered much—I know what you have been through and how the miles seem without an end, for I have walked them also. But courage, brother, for I see now what I never saw before. Something within me that has cried many a long year is loosened, something whispers that has long been silent. My heart too was broken but as the iron fingers closed upon it a new world opened to me for out of it escaped a gleam of light that shows me the way of the wise. Come, brother, let me help you and we shall yet find the light—for see round yonder curve a gleam of light appears—I am sure that this indeed is the end of the way."

The old man looked and a new hope filled his eyes. "Indeed I see it also!" he whispered, "come, let us go on."

He rose and his tottering steps seemed strengthened for a moment as he pressed forward towards the light, but just as he reached the curve, with his hands outstretched, he fell forward upon his face and lay still. The pilgrim himself, rushing towards that gleam, stopped and wavered for a second and then turned back to the form that held out a hand weakly.

(Continued on page 26)

The Wine of Life

NEAR the close of the 11th century at Naishapur, in Khorasan, there lived a poet-philosopher — Omar Khayyam. Little is known of his private life and history, but today the verses of Omar, called the Rubaiyat, live as they have never lived before. He was the first great writer of Persia and has been read and studied through all these hundreds of years in his native land, but it does seem like a strange twisting of Fate that he should be so alive in this ultra-modern world of ours and that his piquant, old-world philosophy should ring so true today. However, there is probably no more widely misunderstood writer in all the annals of literature than Omar, for the peculiar phraseology of his work is very deceiving, and his meaning is usually directly contrary to the statement made. But a careful analysis of his writing will show the observant thinker that in every case there is a deep underlying meaning that bespeaks of great philosophical understanding. Nor did his genius stop at verse making, for he was the foremost mathematician and scientific astronomer of his day and much of the calendar system we use now was brought to its present state by his efforts. And it does not seem fitting that one who so lived the life of a sage and mystic should have written light and meaningless things.

But that is the way of the world, they only see with the eyes they have. It is just the same with our Bible: the historians read it as history; the imaginative read it as romance; the astrologers read it as astrology; the alchemists read it as alchemical; and the materialists—well, to them all the spiritual scripture of the world is just so much useless tommyrot, consequently they condemn, destroy, and paint darkly everything of such nature with which they come in contact. And that is just why most of the ancient books of a religious nature were written as they were, in allegory, hidden from the eyes of those who are not ready to know.

Reading the following verses of the Rubaiyat through the eyes of the rank materialist, what have we?

Waste not your Hour, nor in the vain pursuit
Of This and That endeavor and dispute;

Better be jocund with the fruitful Grape
Than sadden after none, or bitter, Fruit.

For "Is" and "Is-Not" though with Rule and
Line,

And "Up-and-down" by Logic I define,

Of all that one should care to fathom, I
Was never deep in anything but—Wine.

Come, fill the Cup, and in the fire of Spring
Your winter-garment of Repentance fling:

The Bird of Time has but a little way
To flutter—and the Bird is on the Wing.

Just the rambling fantasies of a drunkard, nothing more nor less than beautiful poetry about drink and intoxication. And that is what the average individual sees. Others say, no, no, there is something deeper behind it, and so lay it aside. They are willing to believe that it is inspired perhaps, but how and why, or what it really means, is nothing at all to them. However, it is a known fact that Omar talked a great deal more of his wine than he drank of it, and though his entire philosophy is centered around the brimming cup, he means something else.

The Rubaiyat is a conversation or sililoquy delivered by the human soul to its divine spirit, referring to the body as the Clay Cup, in some instances as the Loaf of Bread, and to the life in man as the Red Wine:

Here with a Loaf of Bread beneath the Bough,
A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse—and Thou

Beside me singing in the Wilderness
And Wilderness is Paradise enow.

For thousands of years the juice of the grape has been used to represent the life essence in man because it is the closest thing in nature to human blood and it contains the sun's vitalizing rays in a greater amount than anything else for the sun is the base of its fermentation. And as the human brain with its many convolutions resembles a bunch of grapes, it is called the Bough or Grape, while

this essence or spiritual life of man is in the brain centers and is therefore the Juice of the Grape.

And so Omar says that the Wine of Life is all there is and all else is a lie. Speaking of his search for some other thing worth while and the uselessness of it all, he says:

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint and heard great argument

About it and about: but evermore
Came out by the same door where in I went.

Why, all the Saints and Sages who discuss'd
Of the Two Worlds so learnedly are thrust
Like foolish Prophets forth; their Words to
scorn
Are scatter'd, and their Mouths are stopt with
Dust.

And who has not heard, as he did, the saints and sages discussing? We have a number of them right in this city. They gather on the street corners and in halls, shouting in all directions. One will say: Ectoplasm is the base of all things. Another will answer: No, it is protoplasm! Then: You, fool! it is ectoplasm! And they rip, and rant, and roar. It was this that Omar enjoyed and said of them: "They are foolish prophets" and "In the end their mouths are stopped with dust." And it is true, for that is the end of all; the ranters and roarers die hard but there is only one ending—death stops it all.

And so Omar preferred not to speculate upon the beginning nor the hereafter, he deals not with where we came from, where we are going and why, but only with what we are doing today. His sentiments are "If I do that which is good today, tomorrow will take care of itself; if I made a mistake yesterday, it does no good to worry about it now."

Strange is it not? that of the myriads who
Before us pass'd the door of Darkness though

Not one returns to tell us of the Road,
Which to discover we must travel too.

Alike for those who for To-day prepare,
And those that after some To-morrow stare,

A Muezzin from the Tower of Darkness
cries

"Fools, your reward is neither Here nor
There."

Ah, my Beloved, fill the cup that clears
To-day of past Regret and future Fears:

To-morrow!—Why, To-morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n Thousand
Years.

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the Dust descend;

Dust into Dust, and under Dust to lie,
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and—
sans End!

And of the hopelessness of human destiny
he speaks:

In to this Universe, and *Why* not knowing,
Nor *Whence*, like Water willy-nilly flowing;

And out of it, as Wind along the Waste,
I know not *Whither*, willy-nilly blowing.

What, without asking, hither hurried *Whence*?
And, without asking, *Whither* hurried hence!

Oh, many a Cup of this forbidden Wine
Must drown the memory of that insolence!

Up from Earth's Centre through the Seventh
Gate

I rose, and on the Throne of Saturn sate,
And many a Knot unravell'd by the Road;
But not the Master-Knot of Human Fate.

There was a Door to which I found no key;
There was the Veil through which I could not
see;

Some little talk of Me and Thee
There was—and then no more of Thee and
Me. .

Earth could not answer; nor the Seas that
mourn

In flowing Purple, of their Lord forlorn;
Nor rolling Heaven, with all his Signs
reveal'd.

And hidden by the sleeve of night and morn.

Omar realized that all living things are Pieces on a great Gameboard, all moved by a Mystic Player in the way that they should go. This Mysterious Player is the spirit of man and the Checkerboard is Life and the Pieces on the board are the living problems which confront us. And we are the mystery of every game we play; but most of us get so wrapped up in our game that we become enslaved to our own selves instead of being masters of the chessboard.

We are no other than a moving row
Of Magic Shadow-shapes that come and go
Round with this Sun-illumin'd Lantern held
In Midnight by the Master of the Show;

Impotent Pieces of the Game He plays
Upon this Checker-board of Nights and Days;
Hither and thither moves, and checks, and
slays,
And one by one back in the Closet lays.

The Ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes
But Right or Left as strikes the Player goes;
And He that toss'd you down into the Field,
He knows about it all—He knows—HE
knows!

The Moving Finger writes; and having writ,
Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.

And that inverted Bowl they call the Sky,
Whereunder crawling coop'd we live and die,
Lift not your hands to *It* for help—for *It*
As impotently rolls as you or I.

And as though to lessen or counteract the
utter hopelessness of this, he brings the power
of human individuality to bear:

I sent my Soul through the Invisible,
Some letter of that After-life to spell:
And by and by my Soul return'd to me,
And answer'd "I Myself am Heav'n and Hell."

Heav'n but the Vision of Fulfill'd Desire,
And Hell but the Shadow of a Soul on fire,
Cast on the Darkness into which Ourselves,
So late emerg'd from, shall so soon expire.

And then of the responsibility of the soul,
perhaps a hint of Re-incarnation, he writes
the following, and gives the urge to live in the
To-day and drink the ever-present Wine of
Life:

Yesterday *this* Day's Madness did prepare
To-morrow's Silence, Triumph, or Despair:
Drink! for you know not whence you came,
Drink! for you know not why you go, nor
where.

And so the entire philosophy of the Ru-
baiyat twines round the Vine of Life and the
key to the whole is in learning how to drink

this mystic Wine. When man lives properly
and is vitalized by this life, the food he eats
and the sun he absorbs, he gathers into his
being a spiritual essence, extracting it from
all of the base elements that constitute his
bodies. And this essence of life is the basis
of all energy, and the whole secret of this
mystic wine is in the conservation of energy
and its expression through creative channels.
Wherever energy is used it should produce
something equal to the amount expended, and
if man would only realize this, he would be
less likely to waste the precious motive power
of life in riotous living for he would know
that when he expends it constructively he
would gain constructively and when he uses it
destructively he loses twice as much. A per-
son who gets violently angry and cannot re-
strain himself is intoxicated with this life
energy and the essence is fermented through
perversion.

It is when this energy is turned upward into
the brain that it becomes creative and when
turned downward into the generative system
in perversion that it becomes destructive.
When this subtle substance, the Wine of Life,
vitalizes the brain and all the energies are
turned into the upper room, then man truly
drinks of the fruit of the vine, and partakes
of the substances he has transmuted. And
Omar says if you are living on this fruit of
the vine you have secured all this world has
to give, symbolizing the great life-giving
qualities of the wine:

The Grape that can with Logic absolute
The Two-and-Seventy jarring Sects confute:
The sovereign Alchemist that in a trice
Life's leaden metal into Gold transmute:

Why, be this Juice the growth of God, who
dare
Blaspheme the twisted tendril as a Snare?
A blessing, we should use it, should we not?
And if a Curse—why, then, Who set it there?

I must abjure the Balm of Life, I must,
Scared by some After-reckoning ta'en on
trust,

Or lured with Hope of some Diviner Drink,
To fill the Cup—when crumbled into Dust

(Continued on page 20)

LIVING PROBLEMS DEPARTMENT

CORRECT BREATHING.

Man's lower bodies receive nourishment and vitalizing power in three general ways. First, through the direct rays of the sun passing in through the crown of the head or the spleen; secondly through food from which he extracts the vital element; and third from breathing by which he oxygenizes his bodies. Oxygen is absolutely necessary to the unfoldment of man's consciousness. The average individual has no idea either of its importance or of how to do it, thus he overlooks a valuable opportunity for health. Everyone should sleep in well ventilated rooms with the windows open and should spend five or ten minutes every morning in deep breathing. The more one breathes the less one will have to eat until finally it is possible to practically maintain oneself on oxygen. Man only uses about one third of his lung capacity; he should at least double the quantity of his inhalation. The corresponding out-going breath frees the body from carbon dioxide, the great death dealing element in man. If he will breathe twice as much, he can divide his ill health and substract one-half.

FURTHER LIGHT ON THE HEALTH PROBLEM

When suffering from the following ailments, do not go to a doctor just knock your head against a wall. If your corns ache it is not nature's fault; leather shoes would bring corns out on a boot-jack; and as a very powerful nerve center is in the sole of each foot and leather shoes prohibit the feet from breathing, do not be surprised if you are sick. Any gentleman who wears a tight fitting hat must not be surprised if he develops a furless pate for you cannot strangle hair roots and have them live any more than you could go into an air-tight room for several hours and come out alive. Any of our dear lady friends who insist upon walking around on stilts (French heels) are subjecting themselves to over forty diseases, including spinal ailments, kidney trouble, nervousness, general lassitude, paralysis, stomach trouble and nearly every known form

of disease except accidents and those are not strictly excluded as a person can twist their ankles on high heels without half trying. Yesterday we passed down the street behind a pair of two and a half inch heels and the ankles above were rolling like chips in a heavy sea while the party above the ankles has been wondering why she has had a general delibility for years. Any man who makes a chimney out of himself has no right to be healthy and will not be and those of our dear friends who insist upon their nice juicy beef-steaks should be tickled to death when uric acid gets them because they have been inviting it to come. The mystery is not that we do not live longer, the mystery is we live at all. If we continue to wear tight fitting clothes which will not allow the body to breathe we will keep right on having all the diseases that medical science has differentiated and some more they have not found yet.

So mought it be..

THE ETERNAL EXCUSE.

When it is gently hinted to an individual that he is not living up to the best that is in him, could be doing better, etc., there is one excuse that will almost always come back to you—well, I am doing about as well as you are—I am as honest as the next fellow—or similar expressions. Man is eternally excusing his own weaknesses by pointing out similar short-comings in his companions. He considers this to be a clinching argument while in reality it is no argument at all. The virtue of sin cannot be proved by its mere existence, neither can our short-comings be sanctioned because our brother man expresses them also. Many times we go out to put a slick deal over on our brother, excusing ourselves by saying, "he'll do it to me if I don't get to him first."

All these things are excuses to cover human weakness. Man should strive to attain the best and allow no comparison to deter him from attaining individual mastery. His duty is not to be just as good as the world but to be perfect and he must attend to the accomplishment of this end.

QUESTION AND ANSWER DEPARTMENT

Please name some occult literature that is good for the beginner to study.

Ans. "The Brother of the Third Degree" by Garver; "The Dweller on Two Planets" by Philos; "Miriam of the Mystic Brotherhood" by Howard; "The Romance of Two Worlds" by Barabas; "The Sorrows of Satan" and "Life Everlasting" by Marie Corelli are as good fiction as can be secured on the subject. The writings of Jacob Boheme, Andrew Jackson Davis and Emanuel Swedenborg are excellent from the mystic standpoint: Sibley, Raphael, William Lilley and Nicholas Culpeper are good in astrology. "The Secret Doctrine," "Isis Unveiled" and "The Key to Theosophy" by Madame Blavatsky; "The Cosmo Conception" by Max Heindel are of the best occult works of modern times. Spencer, Huxley and Plato lead in scientific research and philosophy, while H. G. Wells has written an excellent history of the world.

When can we tell that a past debt has been paid?

Ans. When we met an unpleasant problem and master it. We never have to pay the same debt twice. If it still bothers us we have not met it.

How can we change our environment?

Ans. Our environment is created within ourselves and if we would see harmony we must build harmony within, for we see all the world through our own eyes, our own failings, likes and dislikes.

Why does the Lord's prayer say: "Lead us not into temptation?" Is this not a blasphemy?

Ans. This part of the Prayer is directed to the lower emotions, asking in the name of the divine that they lead us not into temptation. It is not addressed to God, but to the lower man in the name of God.

When should we be guided by our intuitions?

Ans. When we have proved by experience that our spiritual natures have unfolded to that degree that they guide us in

the way that leads to constructive acts. If we do not purify the bodies and make the glass clean we can never be sure where inspirations come from.

Can we get anything we want by wishing for it?

Ans. Yes, if we wish to work.

Why are we born with so many imperfections?

Ans. Because when we finished our last visit here there were many little things and a few great ones that we had not completed. There were many things which we did wrong and for them we are suffering. We start in this time where we left off before.

What is the best way to free oneself from the clutches of a hypnotist?

Ans. There is only one possible way and that is the developing of a positive will power and making it stronger than that of the operator. Outside aid is only a crutch and the victory over this enemy of mental freedom is only possible through the divine help of the God in man, the individual consciousness within.

How long and how often should one fast and pray for spiritual growth?

Ans. Next time you decide to do this, take a vacation, roll up your sleeves and go to work to help someone who needs something and fast in your spare time. In your fasting, let your lower emotions starve for lack of nourishment and let your prayer be a life lived well twenty-four hours a day.

Is the anthropoid a degenerate human or a highly evolved animal?

Ans. Neither. He is the result of the inability of a certain percentage of the last life-wave to advance to human consciousness.

What effect has cremation on the spirit?

Ans. Cremation about three days after death, immediately destroying the body, severs the last tie between the higher organisms and its form and in that way frees the spiritual bodies to go on with their work. (Continued on page 31)

The Man Who Laughed

IN sunny Sicily beneath the towering height of Mount Etna, under whose mystic pile, so legend tells, the Vulcans hammer out the weapons of Jove on the anvil of the gods, there lies a little village. Sicily is dotted with many lovely little hamlets, looking like bright nosegays set in frames of green and brown. One of these little villages nestles close in the arms of Etna, and many of its buildings reflect the whims of the volcano. Far above it, a little dot on the mountain, one can see the great observatory and below rolls the blue waters of the Mediterranean. A picturesque little town it is, just as the mind of the dreamer loves to create and as in imagination the homely old-fashioned peasant life is still lived.

On a wall built from the rocks of the flaming mountain sat a native guide who looked not unlike a brigand, and was dressed in accordance with his personality. His ears were pierced and in them hung heavy golden rings, his hair was controlled within the bonds of a red bandanna handkerchief, and his drooping black mustache was carefully and fiercely combed adding a swagger note to his eccentric figure. Beside him stood George Washington. By way of explanation, we may add that George W. was a long-eared, tired looking Sicilian donkey who would always lie down when you wanted him to stand up and stand up when you wanted him to lie down. Washington and his master were part of the natural scenery of the village and strangers passing through on their ride around the island were shown the village church, the cave of the saints near by, and George Washington. Leonardo, the guide, had a peculiar distinction; he spoke the best English for miles around and therefore was always watching for an opportunity to commercialize his intelligence. At the time our story opens he had Henry Thornton at his mercy.

Thornton was a man with a past—not the kind that men are ashamed of but the kind that some men are broken by. It is said that the world is filled with heartless men but this is not essentially the case, and careful investi-

gation will prove that the heart of man breaks just as easily as the heart of a woman. But a man hides it more carefully and receives little sympathy for the ache that the world does not see. Thornton was one of those men who could neither conceal nor forget, and he carried his sorrow with him wherever he went, his mind was always obsessed with one thought, and he lived entirely in the years that were past.

The tale of woe of this man was a long one, and also an old one. It fills the lives of thousands all over the world for there are none who can hurt us as much as those we love and trust. It was simply the story of one who cared and another who simply played, and with the carelessness of a child broke a human heart.

That was years ago, in the days of lace and lavender, and the thoughtless one had lain asleep these many years in a little village cemetery. All the world had forgotten save one, all the world had forgiven save one; but even as the grey shadows began to fall on the life of Henry Thornton he remembered. His handsome face would cloud and his jaw set tighter as he vainly sought for something upon which to wreck his venom, a poison long brewing in a heart that hated happiness because it was not happy too.

As Thornton stood beside the guide, leaning over the old wall, his eyes fell upon a little garden some twenty feet below him, a pretty place filled with rustic chairs and tables where the town folk came to sup their sour wine and tell the stories of the day. It was deserted save for a few children playing in a corner and one figure that sat huddled in a brown robe at one of the tables. The children were playing some strange game and every few minutes they would tumble over each other in a mad whirl of bare arms and legs and the Sicilian dust rose in a cloud about the scene. The figure at the table raised his head and a long peal of deep-throated laughter sounded up to the two men above. Thornton's face had been composed but as this merry sound broke upon his ears his jaw set, his eyes became slits, and he hissed out three words with all

the bile of years of acidity.

"Damn that man!"

The guide looked at the American in amazement and then followed his eyes to the little scene below. He quickly crossed himself, but made no audible reply although he murmured something under his breath.

Thornton continued to gaze at the little group, and then feeling that he must make a confidant of someone he turned to Leonardo:

"Come sit down on this wall I want to tell you something—I will explain my attitude for it must seem very strange to you."

"Si, Signior," answered the guide, and with a look to his mule he seated himself upon the wall, perfectly willing to let the American talk as long as his pay went on..

Thornton took out a cigarette case and gave the Italian a smoke, then closing the case, sat gazing at it for several seconds, and then turned it so the guide could see the little oil painted miniature beautifully done by some master's hand upon an inlay of purest ivory.

The Sicilian looked at the face for several seconds and then raising his eyes and opening his hands he muttered, "She is a beautiful face."

"Yes, she was beautiful in the days gone by," answered Thornton staring out into the distant haze that hung over the Mediterranean, "beautiful but thoughtless; she played with hearts as children play with dolls, and mine was broken in the game. That was nearly forty years ago in America's sunny southland where beauty is nature's order and gallantry her decree—Oh, God, that I could forget like others do!—but I cannot—I have gone from one end of the earth to the other but ever that face haunts me. I have never laughed since that day unless it was in a mad delirium. I have taken the path of forgetfulness, but there is no peace; in the opium smoke she haunts me, in drink she dances in my wine-glass, breaking my heart again and again as she did that day. My hair turned white in just a few short months and I have lived in sorrow and sadness these many years. That is why I hate to see people happy—why should they be so when I am not? Did God send me into this world to wander my life in agony? When I see these children playing in happiness and hear the glad laughter I go insane to think of

the years of loneliness I have come through, how I might have listened to the laughter of my own children, and in my old age been peaceful in the realization of life's dream. That, sir, is why I hate people that laugh, and revile the God who gave me the heart to love and then doomed it to be broken—Bah! there he laughing again!—Oh, damn that man—I shall go mad if he does not stop!—I would give all I own to be he this day, just so that I could laugh."

"Surely, Signior, you are jesting. You do not mean to say that you would like to change places with Fra Angeleco, the old man who sits down there at the table? Surely you jest."

"No, Leonardo, I am in deadly earnest. I would give all I own if I could laugh as he laughs today."

"Signior, you have told me a story, now let me tell you one—the story of the old man who sits there at the table, laughing at the children who play around his feet. May I tell it to you?"

"Yes, go ahead, I do not care when I get back to the hotel, I would not be sorry if I never did."

"All right, Signior, I shall proceed. It was—let me see," and the Sicilian counted on his fingers, "three, four, five, six,—yes six years ago that Antonio had his little market in Aderno. He had a beautiful little farm up on the side of Etna—you see where that black streak is? Well, Antonio's farm was just a little to the right of that heap of boulders. Signior, that was in the year of the eruption—down the sides of our mountain the lava came in a great fiery stream and Antonio was in the market-place at the time. Like a mad man he rushed home, but when he got there all he saw was a great fissure in the earth, with sulphur fumes rising from its depths. All in a few seconds—his wife whom he adored, his mother whom he worshipped, and his five little children whom he cherished more than life itself were swallowed up by the flaming mountain. Well, Signior, we saw little of Antonio for many months! he wandered like a mad man among the hills and even the brigands grew afraid of him, he climbed among the rocks, wild-eyed and crazy. But at last, he grew quiet again, and feeling that he had

nothing left to live for he climbed up yonder hill to the little monastery. There he took holy orders and gave his life to the service of Christ and the Blessed Virgin. Antonio vanished from the world and there appeared in his place Fra Angeleco who has lived ever since to try and help others."

"Did he really go through all that?" asked Thornton in amazement.

"Si, Signior, and much more in his heart that no man shall ever know."

"And yet he can laugh! Oh, how I envy such a man as that! Why did God give him courage to laugh and me only the weakness to cry? Leonardo, I am more jealous of that man than of any other living thing in the universe—I would give anything to be as happy."

"Surely, Signior, you do not mean that? You are not jealous of poor Fra Angeleco?"

"Yes, I am jealous of him; he is able to laugh and forget."

"He cannot help laughing Signior, nor can he help forgetting. The good God has taken his mind away from him: the poor father has been mad these many years. Surely you are not jealous of a babbling idiot, nor would you curse a man whose sorrow has taken away his mind? In this world, Signior, it is well to be careful whom we envy, for those who laugh often are sadder than those who cry."

Wine of Life

(Continued from page 15)

O threats of Hell and hopes of Paradise!

One thing at least is certain,—*This* Life flies;

One thing is certain and the rest is Lies;

The Flower that once has blown forever dies.

And so this transmutation of the life energies is the greatest alchemical mystery the world has ever known. If the Cup be empty there is no philosophy and the argument of sage and seer means nothing. The path that the individual walks through years and lives of experience, the growth, the gains by practical labor, mental, spiritual, and physical, are the basis of the Wisdom Teachings, and there is no other way.

Omar says that life is Wine poured into a Jug and that a broken Jug is of no use to anyone, for there is nothing in it. And we have with us and all around those broken jugs,

walking about with nothing in them but ashes. Inside they are cremated by the fires of desire, hate and fear, and the flames of passion, burned out. The Vine is dead and all that remains is just an urn filled with ashes.

And so, if you will read Omar Khayyam's beautiful verses, taking the human soul as the vine, the bread as the bodies, the wine as the blood or life-giver, and Omar as the spirit, you will find something very useful. The bunch of grapes as the brain has been the symbol of life for ages for in it is contained the life forces which make possible every expression of energy man has. And mastery and initiation is the complete control of it and the turning of it into the development of the spiritual organism. It is suffering, sorrow, philosophy, art, science and study which gradually attain to that end, but the greatest means known to man are purification and balance. Purification of life and motive turns this energy from all destructive application and the absolute poise of mastery prevents its expansion into useless pursuits. All depends upon the individual; when he lives the life he shall know the doctrine.

There are many, many more wonderful and deeply mystic truths brought out in this beautiful classic and in this article we have only touched a few of them lightly. While lack of space prevents going into it verse by verse and giving it the interpretation it deserves, still this brief summary will give some idea of the great import of this deeply religious poem.

The whole work is based upon the knowledge of man's duty to the life forces within him. And death means that this energy is gone, and therefore Omar says that whoever has inverted the Cup is dead; and so ends the poem with these verses:

Yon rising Moon that looks for us again—
How oft hereafter will she wax and wane;

How oft hereafter rising look for us
Through this same Garden—and for *one* in
vain!

And when like her, oh Saki, you will pass
Among the Guests Star-scatter'd on the Grass,

And in your blissful errand reach the spot
Where I made One—turn down an empty
Glass!

The Homage

(Continued from last month)

CHAPTER TWO.

It was about four years after when the youth went again up into the mountains, four years of sunshine and of rain, four years that changed the affairs of man but left the mountains just the same. The green grass, the lofty pines and the great belts of whitened snow had apparently not changed at all.

One morning as the sun arose a strange scene confronted the eye. Over the mountain there hung a great, gray cloud which twisted, turned, and seethed in a million ever-changing folds. The whole atmosphere in the mountains was hushed and still and a great leaden silence hung over nature. Hunters and trappers whispered that never before in all the years they had lived among the hills had they ever seen such a strange mystery before. As the day wore on the dark cloud became deeper, a low moan broke out from the heavens, it rose and fell with the passing of the winds, a great sighing sound as that of the dying. Each tree seemed to pick it up, reverberate and echo it from their crests and branches. Little shrubs and bushes seemed also to bow their heads while the arms of the lofty pines hung drear and dismal in the steely light. Up among the rocks great groaning sounds came and masses of boulder and dirt became thundering avalanches upon the mountain sides. The snow upon the crest turned gray and everything seemed to hang in awe and suspense during nature's agitation.

That day the youth was impelled to climb again that mountain and so he wound in and out along the little path and, following intuitional guidance, branched off from it and after a short walk reached the point where the valley began and the mountain peaks left off. There among the rocks, half hidden by the darkness, stood the little cabin as he had seen it before. But now everything seemed different. He shrank back in wonder for coming out of the mountains, out of the very earth itself, out of the skies, and up out of the waters of the river that flowed by the door,

a great stream was coming—a stream of living creatures. Stately stags and meek-eyed does, surrounded by their young, broke through the forests in silent majesty, great lumbering bears came also, not one but many. The air was filled with the humming, droning of the wings of birds and even the steely light was shadowed by the multitude of their wings.

From the forest came the wolves and foxes and in the little pool by the cabin door fishes of many colors gathered, swimming to and fro, so many that the water seemed one living mass. Then it seemed that the great heads of the pine trees were bowed, their branches bent low, and from the mountain tops a great cloud of leaves and fine pine needles descended like a rain upon the cabin. All nature was united in a strange sad song, even the very earth itself seemed joined in a sobbing melody.

In awe and fear the youth crept to the cabin door and gazed within. There on his pallet of straw lay the Old Man of the Mountain, his hands folded upon his breast, his white beard spread upon his cowl, and his eyes closed. Without entering in, the youth knew the tragedy. The hermit was dead. At the foot of the rough wooden pallet stood the great arched-antlered stag, his head down so that his soft nose rested on the edge of the couch. In the hollow of the old man's arms sat the little gray squirrel, trying to force a hazel nut between the cold white lips. Little birds were shrilly crying as they circled around his head and the great wolf lay like a watchdog before the body of the one he loved. The soft scent of the forest came in through the door which stood ajar for in the old cabin that door was never closed. Little baby birds in their nest cried for the hand which could feed them no more.

A thin stream of tears poured over the youth's face as he gazed upon the scene. Nature knew it had lost its truest friend. In all the world that taunted, one alone had loved them; in a world that slew and hated and thoughtlessly robbed them of their right to live, they had found one who understood. And now the cold fingers of eternal night had

closed his eyes and the chilly voice of the mountain peaks had whispered in his ear. Who could they go to now when their friend was dead? Soon again the rude hand of the huntsman would have no sweet voice to offset it. The beasts knew this and were sad.

The youth stood for several seconds, unable to take his eyes from the scene. A great something welled up in his soul and he remembered the promise he had made—his promise to be true to the furred and feathered friends. He passed slowly through the cabin door. The great wolf looked at him but did not move—just a low howl like a groan of despair broke from the beast's throat.

As he touched the still cold form of the hermit the little squirrel raised his eyes, beady bright eyes like sparks of fire, and two tiny paws reached out to cover the face of the master he had loved. The youth stroked the little beast's shiny body as it lay stretched out across the form of the hermit and, biting his lip to hold in check the pain of his soul, the hunter of the days gone by stepped again to the door of the cabin and gazed out. He started back from sheer amazement—such a sight as met his vision had never before confronted man nor probably ever will again.

As far as the eyes could reach in every direction the mountains and valleys were alive. Each tree branch bore its weight of feathery life, in each glade and opening stood some stately beast, not hundreds nor thousands but it seemed all nature was gathered there. The mighty gray clouds over the mountains rumbled and moaned and lurid flashes of lightening rent their hazy depths. A gentle rain was pouring down, pattering among the leaves, and the youth, looking at the form on the couch, murmured, "Indeed blessed are the dead that the rain raineth upon."

A voice within him spoke, saying, "When has such homage been done to living man? Has emperor or king had such a cortege as this? Many great ladies and grand men march in the funerals of the great, many there are who come and pay respects to a nation's dead, and oftentimes they do not know and do not care, but each one who stands in this great cortege is true to the soul of its be-

ing. No sham is here, no pretense, each one of these beasts to its very soul adores the thing it pays its homage to. Each of these little furred and feathered things would gladly die for that one, each tree and stone would give of its fleeting life the fullest and the utmost. When man has a friend among the beasts and birds, that man is good, for there is no guile in their lives, no subtleness in their adoration."

The youth was overcome and sinking upon his knees gazed out at that endless stream of faces—great sorrowing eyes that could not speak but with lowered heads and drooping bodies whispered the emotions of their souls. The great strong trees, even the blades of grass, bent their heads, for the one who loved them all had gone away.

"This is my task," murmured the youth, "and I will fill it. What greater proof has man of the depth of his sincerity than that a ring of faces such as these should pay devotion to him? I am not going back into the valley again—I am going to stay and serve these beasts and birds as the Old Man did."

The shades of night fell over the mountain but they were alight that night with a million fires. A million flaming altars sent up their sacrifices and through the night gleaming coals of fire, the eyes of the silent watchers, row after row, stretched out into an infinity.

The next morning when the sun rose there was a new hermit living in the mountains. Under a cross of rocks the body of the aged man was laid to rest while his spirit interceded before a greater throne for the beasts that he had loved. The great cowl was worn by another, the staff strengthened another's hand.

So through the years that went rapidly by, in his love for nature, the one who once had slain nursed the wounds that he had made. The birds and beasts learned to know him also and soon they gathered around his door to whisper their secrets in his ear and tell their love stories to his soul. And some there were who slowly learned to forget the other one and to love him anew in the one he had awakened. Down in the village no man knew what had happened, they did not know that the hermit of the pines was dead for still

(Continued on page 26)

A Key to Physic and Occult Sciences

In last month's issue we reprinted from an old edition an excerpt from Culpeper's famous old "Family Herbal." This was the first of a series of articles we are going to run each month, reprinted from the rare first editions of the 15th, 16th and 17th century books on the sacred sciences, for the benefit of those who cannot obtain these volumes. The following article is taken from Dr. Sibly's "Key to Physic and the Occult Sciences":

* * * *

WISDOM is the light of Reason, and the bond of Peace. It affiliates Man with God, and elevates his mind above unworthy pursuits. It is the principal excellence which distinguishes him from brutes, and the chief ornament that dignifies his character. Whatver is founded in Wisdom's laws, defies the mouldering hand of time, and ranks with immortality. Hence it is that a thirst after knowledge is natural to man; and if the cares and follies of this world could be estranged from his concerns, his desire of information would be inseparable from his existence. Ignorance and superstition may be considered as the curse of God, which chains its votaries to unworthy objects; whilst, on the contrary, wisdom and understanding provide us with wings whereby to soar above the earth; to contemplate the works of creation—to discern the mysteries of divinity, and converse with angels.

The beautiful description given by Solomon of his acquirements in wisdom, is highly deserving the attention of all men; but particularly of those who profess the science of physic and the cure of souls. "I prayed," says Solomon, "and understanding was given me; I called upon God, and the spirit of Wisdom came to me. All good things came with her, and innumerable riches in her hand." What greater reward could any one desire? And though the intellectual faculties of all men are not alike strong and apt for occult speculations, yet it is manifest that all persons are capable of deriving great improvements from reading; and that it is not so much the want of natural ability as of industry and application that so many men disgrace the image of the Deity, and degrade the venerable pro-

fessions of Divinity, Physic and Law.

It rarely happens that the want of intellect, or natural endowments of the mind, are the rocks on which men split in their professional character. Indocile and unapt indeed must that man be whom education, experience, observations, reading, or inquiry, will not set generally right in his progress through life. Yet, without industry and an anxious desire of knowledge and improvement, neither education nor all the advantages of natural ability can save us from the wreck of error or the disgrace of ignorance. Obstinate men, though of the first capacity in the world, are a forlorn hope and often irrecoverably lost, by unadvisedly pursuing the phantom of their own brain; whilst others, enriched by dignity of sense, and qualified by depth of understanding, so form the brightest characters amongst society, surrender up their talents for discernment and enquiry, and content themselves with taking upon trust whatever they see or hear; particularly in the practice of physic; in the law; and in the church. The mischiefs attendant on this general conduct of mankind are great and many; for by thus implicitly subscribing to the vague notions and false doctrines of others; by shutting their eyes against the light of reason and enquiry and refusing to receive the conviction of their own senses, they transfer error from one generation to another until the unlettered multitude, dazzled by the splendid ignorance of the learned few, become disciples to their mistakes and make error and enthusiasm an hereditary disease.

Hence, then, we see the necessity of consulting our own reason and employing our own understanding in the discrimination of all our temporal and eternal affairs; and of acting and judging for ourselves on all occasions which immediately regard our health, our happiness, or our life; and under all those afflictions and misfortunes wherewith we struggle in this world, in our passage to a better; to one more glorious and permanent; the ultimate end and reward of all our labours! Our senses, on these occasions, are ever ready to support our endeavors and perform their office; and it is unquestionably the duty of all

men to exercise, to improve, and employ them. Yet it is astonishing in general to see how distrustful we are of those very faculties Nature has given us for our guide, and how fondly we submit to the opinions of others, whose nerves cannot feel for us, and whose judgment is often founded upon erroneous principle, and sometimes on no principles at all. This, however, is a conduct by no means fitted to the dignity and office assigned to men; who being placed at the head of all God's works upon earth, walking in his image, and exercising dominion over his creatures, is bound to improve that intellect of reason and understanding, whereby he is to govern and direct them, according to the dictates of truth, of justice, and of mercy. For this purpose he ought, like Solomon, to study the occult properties and qualities of all things: "from the cedar tree that is in Lebanon, even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall;" with whatever relates to a proper knowledge of himself, "and of beasts, and of fowls, and of creeping things, and of fishes"—not to worship the sun, nor the moon, nor the stars, nor any of the host of heaven; but to consider, to admire, and to investigate their characters, fixed by the hand of God for signs, for seasons, and for days and years. They, in fact, contain no more than what every man ought to be acquainted with, to the best of his abilities; because they lead to a comprehensive idea of those occult causes and effects which act the most, though they are the least seen; and whereby the human understanding is enlightened and improved, and the mind enriched with those divine precepts, which lead to a manifestation of that *First* and omnipotent *Cause*, to whose power all second causes are subservient, and operate but as the agents of his Will; and under whose provident care and sufferance we see, feel, move, speak and have our being! The ten thousand blessings which result from this study, are found in our enquiries after truth, and the mysteries which surround us; of the astonishing sympathy and antipathy betwixt heavenly and earthly substances; of the wonderful harmony and construction of the celestial bodies; of the nature and qualities of our own existence, and the propagation of our

species; of the occult properties implanted in all created beings; and the end for which they are and were created!

To such enquiries all men are alike competent, and may boast the same pretensions, unless obstinacy, or indolence, are substituted to prevent them. There is certainly implanted in the human mind a power which perceives truth and commands belief in all the occult properties of nature, not by the force of argument nor learning nor science; but by an instantaneous, instinctive and irresistible impulse, derived neither from education nor from habit; but from the peculiar gift of Providence, acting independently of our will, whenever these objects are presented, bearing evidence of their reality, even when the pride of our external deportment, and our very words, affect to deny them. This is an intellectual sensation, which I will venture to affirm, is felt more or less by all mankind; and I know the hearts of all my readers, if not their tongues, will admit the fact. It is therefore evident that the humble cottager, the classical curate, the regular physician and the village doctor, stand on the same level in this respect. The study of Nature's laws, of the occult properties in medicine, and in the frame and temperature of our bodies, is no less simple than important to our welfare; and without knowing these, we know nothing that can place us beyond the sagacity of the brute creation. We can neither foresee danger, nor shun it when it is near—we are subject to misguided treatment, and mistake, in our medical applications and advice—we receive intuitive signs and tokens of misfortune or advantage without knowing how to benefit by the admonition—In short, without this study, our enquiries are vain—our preceptions are clouded—our views limited, and all our pursuits are vanity, vexation and disappointment. The weakness of our reason, and the avocations arising from the infirmities and necessities of our situations require the most powerful instructions, and the clearest perceptions of heavenly and earthly things, for the perservation of our souls and bodies, and for the illumination of our minds; advantages that can in no wise be more completely obtained than by an intimate acquaintance with the Occult

Sciences, or, in other words, by a contemplation of

GOD and NATURE.

Though God has given us no innate ideas of himself, yet having furnished us with those faculties our minds are endowed with, he hath not left himself without a witness; since we have sense, perception, and reason, and cannot but want a clear proof of him, as long as we carry any thought of ourselves about us. To show, therefore, that we are capable of knowing, that is, being certain that there is a God; and how we may come by this certainty, I think we need go no farther than ourselves, and that undoubted knowledge we have of our own existence. I think it is beyond question that man has a clear perception of his own being: he knows certainly that he exists, and that he is something. In the next place, man knows, by an intuitive certainty that bare nothing can no more produce any real being than it can be equal to two right angles. If, therefore, we know there is some real being, it is an evident demonstration that from eternity there has been something; since what was not from eternity had a beginning; and what had a beginning must be produced by something else. Next it is evident that what has its being from another, must also have all that which is in and belongs to its being from another too; all the powers it has must be owing to, and received from the same source. This eternal source of all being must be also the source and original of all power; and so this eternal being must be also the most powerful.

Again, man finds in himself perception and knowledge; we are certain then that there is not only some being, but some knowing intelligent being in the world. There was a time when there was no knowing being, or else there has been a knowing being from eternity. If it be said there was a time when that eternal being had no knowledge, I reply that then it is impossible there should have ever been any knowledge: it being as impossible that things wholly void of knowledge and operating blindly and without any perception should produce a knowing being as it is impossible that a triangle should make itself three angles bigger than two right ones. Thus, from the consideration of ourselves and what we in-

fallibly find in our own constitutions, our reason leads us to the knowledge of this certain and evident truth, that there is an eternal, most powerful, and knowing being, which whether any one will call God, it matters not. The thing is evident; and from this idea, duly considered, will easily be deduced all those other attributes we ought to ascribe to this eternal Being.

From what has been said, it is plain that we have a more certain knowledge of the existence of a God than of anything our senses have not immediately discovered to us. Nay, I presume I may say, that we more certainly know that there is a God than that there is anything else without us. When I say, we know, mean there is such a knowledge within our reach which we cannot miss, if we will but apply our minds to that, as we do to other inquiries.

It being then unavoidable for all rational creatures to conclude that something has existed from eternity, let us next see what kind of thing that must be. There are but two sorts of beings in the world that man knows or conceives; such as are purely material, without sense or perception; and sensible perceiving beings such as we find ourselves to be. These two sorts we shall call cogitative and incogitative beings, which, to our present purpose are better than material and immaterial.

If then there must be something eternal, it is very obvious to reason that it must necessarily be a cogitative being; because it is as impossible to conceive that bare incogitative matter should ever produce a thinking intelligent being as that nothing of itself should produce matter. Let us suppose any parcel or matter eternal, we shall find it in itself unable to produce anything. Let us suppose its parts firmly at rest together; if there were no other being in the world, must it not eternally remain so, a dead unactive lump? Is it possible to conceive that it can add motion to itself or produce anything? Matter then, by its own strength, cannot produce in itself so much as motion. The motion it has must also be from eternity or else added to matter by some other being more powerful than matter. But let us suppose motion eternal too; yet mat-

ter, incogitative matter, and motion, could never produce thought. Knowledge will still be as far beyond the power of nothing to produce. Divide matter into as minute parts as you will, vary its figure and motion as much as you please, it will operate no otherwise upon other bodies of proportionable bulk than it did before this division. The minutest particles of matter knock, repel, and resist one another, just as the greater do, and that is all they can do: so that if we suppose nothing eternal, matter can never begin to be: if we suppose bare matter without motion eternal, thought can never begin to be: for it is impossible to conceive that matter, either with or without motion, could have originally in and from itself, sense, perception and knowledge, as is evident from hence, that then sense, perception and knowledge must be a property eternally inseparable from matter, and every particle of it. Since, therefore, whatsoever is the first eternal being must necessarily be cogitative, and whatsoever is first of all things must necessarily contain in it and actually have at least all the perfections that can ever after exist; it necessarily follows that the first eternal being cannot be matter.

(To be continued next month.)

The Homage

(Continued from page 22)

his gray cowed figure wandered among the hills. They used to say, "How is it that a man should be willing to live with beasts?" The old hermit had known the secret and the younger one was fast learning it.

And so, the legend says that to this day in the heart of those hills there lives an insane old man, broken by some earthly sorrow, who has given up the benefits of earthly affection to live in the mountains like a beast. They laugh about him in the village and they lay wagers as to who shall find his bones, but in the same voice they tell you of that wonderful day years ago when the mountains grew dark and the beasts flocked together and the great miracle took place in the hills. That story will never die in the little city at the base of the mountains. In awe they tell you of the thunder and of the majesty of the light-

ening. The superstitious cross themselves and say that the Spirit of God Himself walked the hills that day. They never knew nor will they ever know that this was Nature's homage, Nature's only way of showing its reverence and its love for the old hermit in the gray cowl who lived in the little cabin where the valley meets the hills.

Brothers of the Shining Robe

(Continued from page 12)

"No, brother, I will not leave you. I have suffered as you have suffered and will stay with you, for well I remember the agony I went through when none would stop."

Reaching the side of the old man he knelt down and, lifting the aged head upon his knee, tried to sooth the sufferer, unheeding the fact that but a moment before he had himself been dying of a broken heart. As he knelt there, he did not see that the great trees around him with their massive pillars were slowly turning white; he did not realize that the swaying branches that linked overhead were turning into a dome of marble; but as he knelt the figure before him slowly faded away and with a cry of amazement the pilgrim rose to his feet and gazed around. He was again in the temple, but this time alone. He looked towards the Shrine of Bleeding Heart. It was empty. The little door below it was open before him and a voice seemed to tell him to go on. Reaching the little gate, he knelt down, and bowing in humility passed through. Before him the path led up to the stars and with hands crossed upon his breast he started up a path that seemed like jewels and diamonds glistening in a spiritual sun.

Gazing down at his garments he found that they were not those that he had been wearing but were of white.

Obeying an impulse, he raised his hands to look at them. They were covered with blood, and twisting and gleaming between his fingers was the Bleeding Heart which had been on the shrine while behind him stretched a fine thread of blood that marked the path he had been walking.

A voice said: "That is the key."

(To be continued)

The Chair of Doom

IT was in the summer palace of the Emperor—where cherry blossoms filled the air, little bridges led across water-ways filled with fishes of gold and silver, and little dwarfed fir trees scarce higher than your waist edged the rowed and parked lawns of the summer garden. In the midst of this beauty was a little pagoda where the Emperor used to come and sit and in it was a glorious chair of carved ebony, its back cut to resemble an ancient tree through which flew ho-ho birds with little eyes of gleaming mother-of-pearl. The Emperor used to love to come here and sit in the midst of his summer garden to laugh and smile with nature, but as the years went by and the step of the Emperor grew halt, the cares of state resting heavily upon him, he came less often to his chair in the garden.

One who was close to him and beloved of him came to the Emperor one day and said, "Sire, you have been sad these many days but the sun shines in the sky and the garden is in bloom. Come out once more to the Pagoda of Dreams as you used to do in days gone by."

The Emperor was silent for his mind went back over the years beyond recall and he dreamed of the hours he had spent in his garden of cherry blossoms. Then leaning on the arm of this one whom he trusted he went into his garden where he had not walked for many years, and there, with but few to attend him or to break the solitude of his thoughts, he sank as a weary pilgrim into his chair in the garden.

For years none had sat there. The chair was dusty and streaked with age and the glinty eyes of the ho-ho birds had fallen out. But the Emperor did not care, for in the hours he sat upon it he lived in the long ago—in the days when in youth and carelessness he had lived in his garden of dreams. Still the same chrysanthemums raised their many colored heads and danced in the sun, still the golden fishes leaped in the pools and the white storks with their crimson crests balanced in silent majesty in the watery rills, he heard

the same water fall which had sounded in his ears when he had played his love song in the gardens years before.

And the Emperor was sad, sad with the remembrance of loves and joys lost forever. So he sat in his chair, moody and silent, while the glorious sun sank down in the endless West as his own life was fast sinking in the endless West of eternity. And in this way the Emperor fell asleep in his garden of cherry blossoms and there he slept forever. When dawn came they found the spirit gone and the body asleep in the Pagoda of Dreams.

The years went by and another king sat upon the throne but none would enter the garden for it was there the Emperor had gone to sleep. So a story came down through the ages that told of the Chair of Endless Sleep in the Pagoda of Golden Dreams. It was warned that whoever went into the garden of pleasure would some time go back again and enter the rest eternal in the garden of their dreams. So the new king never went there for fear that he too would fall asleep in the enchanted chair. He had a mighty wall built around the garden that none might enter for he had been told by a reader of the stars that he would go to asleep as his father had in this Pagoda of Dreams. So he issued orders to all the world that none should go into that garden and none should ever speak to him of that garden for he had vowed in his soul to live forever as a ruler of his people. Thus for a hundred years the old chair stood alone in the garden of wild cherry blossoms and the old king swore a new oath every year to outlive the curse.

Now it seems that there came into this land the foot of the white man, coming as it so often did—not to lift but to rob, not to serve but to pillage. One of these white men learned of the Pagoda of Dreams and the sacred chair that was in it and one night when all was still he climbed over the high old wall to steal this treasure. Passing through the darkness of the night, amid the little arches and bridges and altars of granite, he finally came to rest at the gate of the Pagoda of

Dreams. The hinges were rusty and old, the golden lattice work was tarnished and broken, the lanterns that had lighted the garden were but skeletons of wood from which the gay silks had long since rotted, the little fish no longer played in the stream for it was dried and their bones were mixed with the sand. The chrysanthemum beds were filled with weeds and the palms were overgrown with bushes for none had entered it since the day the Emperor had died.

The American, with his hand on the hilt of a revolver, broke the lock of the pagoda door and passed in where the pale rays of the moon but dimly entered through the gaping holes of a decaying roof. There, in the center of an inlaid floor, stood the Chair of Doom. It was a broken thing that had once been the resting place of an Emperor, and overgrown with a tangle of weeds and cobwebs where spiders had built their nests in its carvings. .

The American stood for several seconds viewing this broken chair, dreaming of the fortune it would bring in the Western world when they knew of its secret history. As he stood there in the night he heard a footfall behind him. Turning he saw coming towards him an Oriental robed in a wonderful garment of embroidered chrysanthemums and lotus flowers. This figure walked slowly forward with his hands out-stretched before him. The American looked fixedly at his face and saw that his eyes were closed.

"What can it mean?" he muttered creeping back into the shadow.

The robed man walked up to the battered gate and then slowly round and round the pagoda, in the same measured tread, with eyes closed and hands extended. At last the truth flashed into the mind of the American—the figure was that of the ancient Emperor and he was walking in his sleep! The ideas and thoughts of his life had become so fixed in his mind with the dread of the chair of gloom that night after night, when his body was in resistless sleep an unknown and unnameable force drew him into the garden to the Pagoda of Dreams amid the scent of the cherry blossoms.

Slowly the Oriental entered the pagoda

and seated himself, eyes still closed, in the Chair of Doom from which none might rise. As he sat there the American started in surprise—across the floor of the pagoda a strange creature was crawling, its hard shell-like claws grating on the stone! He stood as though fascinated and watched while a gigantic scorpion, like a small crab or lobster, crept slowly towards the seated figure of the sleeping Emperor. With his eyes fixed upon the insect the American stood as if spell-bound as the thing climbed up the robes of the Oriental as he sat sleeping in the chair.

The moon glided for a second behind a great wall of clouds that had risen from the valley and hung like a shade around the crest of the distant mountains. When it passed from behind the clouds and shed its cold beams again into the Pagoda of Dreams, a strange sight was revealed.

The Emperor lay in the chair where his father had died and on the ground beside him the crushed body of the scorpion. Over the two stood the American who gazed in astonishment as the light came on. Seeing the dead insect he shook the quiet form. The body swayed as he shook it and would have fallen from the chair had he not drawn it back. Then as he looked more closely he saw on the back of the dead hand two tiny marks, like a pair of lips, where the kiss of the scorpion had fulfilled the ancient prophecy.

"So," murmured the American, "that is the Chair of Doom. Well, I'll leave it forever where it stands in the orchard of cherry blossoms—twice it has fulfilled its pledge." And slowly he passed out from the pagoda and to where the great wall surrounded all.

Suddenly a figure appeared from the darkness—a long, thin, hollow tube was placed to its lips. Then through the night a shaft of tufted steel shot from the mouth of a blow-gun. The American turned, swayed for a second, and slowly crumpled up at the foot of the wall, just a few feet from the pagoda.

When morning came they found the Emperor asleep in the Chair of Doom and by the wall the body of a foreigner, in his back a poisoned dart.

(Continued on page 32)

ASTROLOGICAL KEYWORDS

Capricorn is considered to be a very ambitious sign also particularly anxious for worldly honors and social aspiration because it is the natural ruler of the tenth house which has to do with the public fortune of the native. Capricorn, being ruled by Saturn, is sometimes cold, sarcastic and suspicious. It is a very long life sign and under it are born those sprightly old people who swing around at eighty-nine or ninety with the speed and alacrity of youth. Capricorn people usually have two codes of ethics, one for the world and the other for their immediate families; they are gracious and smiling with strangers but often cold and irritable at home. A well developed Capricorn however is a very lovable person, true, faithful and always willing to help in any way possible.

We find a great deal of loneliness among Capricorn people, especially the old folks. They are often imposed upon by others or at least imagine that they are, therefore their old age is not always a happy one.

The keywords of Capricorn are:

Cold	Four-footed
Dry	Changeable
Earthy	Unfortunate
Nocturnal	Crooked
Melancholy	Hoarse
Feminine	Night house of Saturn
Southern	Exaltation of Mars
Obeying	Arid
Weak	Sign of the winter tropic
Movable	Detriment of Moon
Cardinal	Fall of Saturn
Tropical	
Domestic	

General Characteristics:

There is always something peculiar about Capricorn people. They seem to stand a little different from all others because of certain eccentricities. Their physical appearance always draws attention to them as they are different and while sometimes good mixers are generally poor company until the higher and finer side of their nature is awakened. The general characteristics are:

Love of social honor	Liable to melancholy
Ambitious	Subject to curious dreams
Bound by heredity	Usually mystic
Family pride	Carry the air of veneration
Sometimes crafty	Scientific
Usually thrifty	Given to boasting
Subtle	Stubborn but not always strong-willed
Economical	
Witty	
Changeable	

Physical Appearance:

Dry constitution	Weak knees
Slender	Long legs
Long thin face	Voice weak and effeminate
Thin hair or beard	Loose jointed
Dark hair	Angular
Long neck	
Narrow chin and breast	

If Saturn is posited in Capricorn it adds to the aged appearance of the body which however is usually much stronger than it appears to be. Young Capricorn people are usually judged older than they are while very old Capricorn people are judged to be much younger than they are.

Health:

Capricorn is subject to diseases of a cry-
stallizing and drying nature, also especially
to the ailments listed below:

Sprains	Cutaneous eruptions
Dislocations	Cold chills
Broken limbs	Disorders of the chest
Melancholia	and lungs
Hysteria	Dry coughs

Domestic Problems:

Capricorn being a barren sign is not always
as fortunate in these matters as might be. It
is also liable to broken homes through ex-
cessive melancholia and a Capricorn who
does not know better often fills their home
with blues and despondency. If they can be
made to see the brighter side of life their
home becomes as radiant and cheerful as it
once was depressing.

Countries Under the Influence of Capricorn:

Part of India	Saxony
Macedonia	Albania
Thrace	Bulgaria
Part of Greece	Part of West Indies
Mexico	

Cities Under Control of Capricorn:

Macklinburgh	Oxford
Wilma	Cleves
Brandenburgh	

Colors:

Dark brown	Black
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Very dark indigo

Ptolemy says that the fixed stars in the
horns of Capricorn are similar in nature to
Venus and partly to Mars. The stars in the
mouth are like Saturn and partly like Venus.
Those in the feet and stomach are the same
as Mars and Mercury while those in the tail
are like Saturn and Jupiter.

Henry Cornelius Agrippa, listed the fol-
lowing in his tables concerning Capricorn: of
the Twelve Orders of Blessed Spirits Capri-
corn is ruled by the Innocents; of the Twelve
Angels over the Twelve Signs, Capricorn is
ruled by Hanael; of the Twelve Tribes, Gad;

of the Twelve Prophets, Mahum; of the
Twelve Apostles, Thomas; of the twelve
months, December 20th to January 20th; of
the twelve plants, dock; of the twelve stones,
chrysophrasus, onyx, moonstone; of the
twelve principle members of the body, the
knees; of the Twelve Degrees of the Damned,
the witches. Capricorn rules lead because of
Saturn its planet.

(Continued from last month)

Countries Under the Influence of Sagittarius:

Arabia-Felix	Moravia
Spain	Dalmatis
Hungary	

Cities Ruled by Sagittarius:

Cologne	Budapest
Avignon	

Colors:

Light green	Olive
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According to Ptolemy the stars in the point
of the arrow of Sagittarius have influence
similar to that of Mars and the Moon. Those
in the bow and at the grasp of the hand act
like Jupiter and Mars. The nebulae in the
face is like the Sun in Mars. Those in the
waist and in the back resemble Jupiter and
also Mercury moderately. Those in the feet
Jupiter and Saturn. The four-sided figure
in the tail is similar to Venus and in some
degree to Saturn.

Henry Cornelius Agrippa says that of the
Twelve Orders of Blessed Spirits, Sagittarius
rules the Angels, of the Twelve Angels rul-
ing over the Twelve Signs, it is ruled by Ad-
nachiell; of the Twelve Tribes, Napthali; of
the Twelve Prophets, Zephaniah; of the
Twelve Apostles, James the Elder; of the
twelve months, November 20th to December
20th; of the twelve plants, pimperl; of
the twelve stones, hyacinth; of the twelve
principal parts of the body, the legs between
the thighs and knees; of the Twelve Degrees
of the Damned, Sagittarius rules the Temp-
ters and Ensnarers.

Questions and Answers—Continued

Are earthquakes and the sinking of continents natural causes or are they effects of the inharmony among those who inhabit them?

Ans. They are caused by the inharmonious thoughts of those who inhabit the planet. Emotion is attuned to fire, and fire is the cause of all the changes in the earth. Our thoughts affect our bodies as we know. We are the cells of the Body Cosmic, cells with a very bombastic temperament, and we are continually causing aches and pains to our planet. However all is progression, all is moving and working forward.

Can the mind image anything unreal?

Ans. It is impossible for a human mind to create or image anything that does not exist somewhere on one of the many planes of nature.

Is the power of communication with the astral spirits a sign of development?

Ans. Not necessarily. Development is a positive step forward while many become conscious of superphysical things through a retrogression. Crystal-gazing, magic mirrors, and all those things are not developments but are degenerations which will destroy us if we continue them.

What did Christ mean when He said "In my Father's house are many mansions?"

Ans. One translation of this paragraph says "In the Father's house are many resting places" and the "mansions" undoubtedly refer to the different planes of nature where the spiritual consciousness lives and rests in its progression towards perfection.

What is the best cure for an inflamed stomach?

Ans. Fasting, non-irritating diet and a purifying of the entire system are the only means by which treatment of a permanent nature can be carried on.

Is there a healing for sore and aching feet?

Ans. It is amazing what a marked connection there is between a disturbed stomach and sore feet, but if people will keep their general system in good order much foot trouble can be eliminated.

What are the real dangers of psychic development?

Ans. The first great danger is negative development which results in mediumship and obsession. The second great danger is seeking to unfold spiritual powers before the body has been properly purified to sustain the strain.

What is the meaning of the word "occult" and how is it to be used in connection with spiritual sciences?

Ans. The word "occult" means hidden. An occultist is one who through the powers of reason is trying to lift the veil of allegory from science and religion and find the germ of truth and unity concealed in their diverse, complex, and literal explanations and teachings. The occultist is the eternal seeker, seeking eternal truths.

Who is a mystic and how does he differ from the occultist?

Ans. The mystic is one who is seeking to gain the same truth and lift the same veil by developing the heart side of his nature and to gain by intuition what the occultist searches for by reason. It is the union of these two paths the mystic and the occult, that gives the seeker the balance that is necessary before the higher initiations are possible. When action of the proper kind is added to this and the student applies his theoretical knowledge, then the eternal triangle is perfected and balanced in man.

What is the true object of all the Wisdom Teachings?

Ans. Their purpose is to show man his true position in the great plan of creation. They explain to the student the responsibilities of life, and, through the knowledge that they give him, prepare him for the Great Work that awaits all when their days of schooling are over.

How should we regard a religion?

Ans. A religion is a phase of truth attuned to the states of consciousness of them who are evolving through it. It is the doctrine, part of a still greater doctrine, to which we are drawn by the faculties we have developed and the spiritual sight we have unfolded within ourselves. It is a changeable point. As we grow in experience and understanding, our religion and religious concepts should broaden with us. Every living being changes, or should change in some way, his religion with each experience and unfoldment which daily life brings; if he does not do this he is standing still. When we are inclined to look down upon creeds or religions that seem primitive to us, we should remember that they are all steps in a great plan that must be passed through before the Planner can be revealed. When we have passed through and reached a more elevated ideal, our broadened, spiritual intellect should help us to realize the need of all of the other steps, and the fact that a doctrine exists at all on this plane of nature is proof certain that it is helping someone who would fall without the protection and inspiration that it gives, for nature supports nothing any great length of time that is not of use in the plan.

What is a creed?

Ans. Creeds are steps in the unfoldment of religious truth which have on this plane of nature drawn around them forms which we call denominations. Creeds are incarnations of spiritual truth, functioning in ever better vehicles furnished by the consciousness of those souls who are evolving through them.

Which religions are occult?

Ans. All religions have a hidden or esoteric side. The same may be said of all the divisions of a religion. The esoteric doctrine we see in a religion depends upon the esoteric eyes we have developed in our own spiritual natures. They who look through the eyes of form can see only form and in religion only the history of people now dead and countries now unknown; while to them who have evolved the spiritual sight, the life behind the form (the

truth behind the allegory), is visible. All religions are steps in the unfoldment of one truth and they only clash when their spiritual ideals are crystallized into material forms.

What is a miracle?

Ans. A miracle is an effect, the cause of which is unknown. The cause, however, must be as great as the effect it produces. If the student wants a miracle to happen to him, he must set in motion causes great enough to produce the desired effect. Our universe is governed by law and order in spite of what many persons believe.

Who is God?

Ans. God, as He is now generally understood, man, and the universe are various stages in the concrete manifestation of the Absolute. The God we know is the individualized part of this Unknowable One, who through the unfolding of consciousness has become the ruling spiritual intelligence of a solar system. Man is eternally making adjustments of bodies within to planes of consciousness without, and God is relatively perfect on a plane of consciousness where man as yet has not evolved vehicles of expression. Man, however, contains within himself, in germinal essence, powers which will give him later, when evolved, the consciousness he now worships in the Logos or God.

Chair of Doom

(Continued from page 28)

A new law was passed in that land and a great crew was turned into the garden. For many days and nights they labored to destroy a superstition. They tore up the bridges and the shrines, filled the stream-beds with dirt, they burned the pagoda and with it—the Chair of Doom. And now another world stands in that garden of dreams—a wonderful building of brick and stone with an elevator running up and down! The busy purr of an East, awakened by the hand of the West, stands where once the cherry blossoms swayed.

The legend of the Chair of Doom is nearly forgotten but hidden away in the records of a mysterious people is the old story of the Pagoda of Golden Dreams in the enchanted garden of the Emperor.

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"The teacher of evil destroys the lore, he by his teaching destroys the design of life, he prevents the possession of Good Thought from being prized."

"Those men of evil actions who spurn the holy Piety, precious to thy wise one, O Mazda, through their having no part in good Thought, from them Right shrinks back far, as from us shrink the wild beasts of prey."

"Bliss shall flee from them that despise righteousness."

"He that does not restore a loan to the man who lent it steals the thing and robs the man. Every moment that he holds it unlawfully, he steals it anew."

"Let your ears attend to those who in their deeds and utterances hold to Right and to those of Good Thought."

"Teachings address I to maidens marrying and to you bridegrooms giving counsel: Let each of you strive to excel the other in the Right, for it will be a prize for that one."

"Whatever happiness ye look for in union with the Lie shall be taken away from your persons."

"He who sows corn sows righteousness: makes the Religion of Mazda walk, as well as he could do with ten thousand sacrificial formulas."

"Violence must be put down; against cruelty make a stand, ye who would make sure of the reward of the Good Thought through Right."

"Well is he by whom that which is his benefit becomes the benefit of any one else."